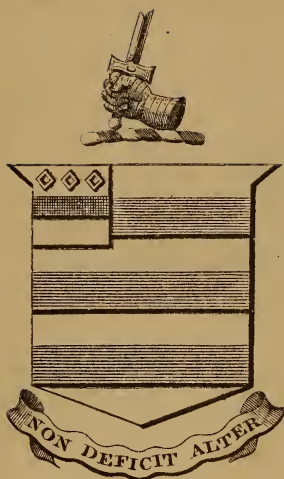


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SIEGE OF MANSOUL,

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

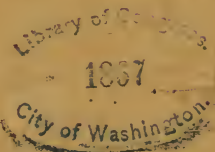
THE DICTION OF WHICH CONSISTS ALTOGETHER IN AN
ACCOMMODATION OF WORDS

FROM SHAKESPEARE AND OTHER POETS.

BY A LADY.

“ The state of man, like to a little kingdom,
“ Suffers the nature of a constant warfare ;
“ Of battles, sieges, and distressful strokes,
“ With all the current of a heady flight.”

SHAKESPEARE.



BRISTOL:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. BULGIN, NO. 3, WINE-STREET;
SOLD ALSO BY MATHEWS, STRAND; LONGMAN AND REES,
AND WEST AND HUGHES, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
LONDON; AND S. HAZARD, BATH.

1801.

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A1543

THE PERSONS.

REGENT; the will in particular, but chiefly the whole person.

CONSCIENCE.

CONVICTION.

CHORUS; the unprofitable and vain thoughts of the mind.

CENTINELS; awakened thoughts.

SOLDIERS; the same.

TRAIN ATTENDING ON THE REGENT; the sinful passions
and affections of the heart.

CARNAL MIND.

ATTENDANTS.

BOANERGES,

JUDGMENT,

EXECUTION,

HERALD,

} Chiefs of Immanuel's Army.



We weep, we tremble, we forget, we smile;

The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry:

And quick returning folly cancels all:

As the tide rushing razes what is writ

On yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

Young's Night Thoughts,



Preface.

THE beautiful compositions of our great English dramatist, Shakespeare, while they captivate the imagination, have a sad tendency to deteriorate the heart of the reader. That many fine and striking moral sentiments are found in them is allowed. But as there is much dross mixed with the precious ore, and as the mind of fallen man is in a corrupted state, it will naturally receive the most lasting impressions from those passages which suit its own depravity. From hence arises a considerable danger in the perusal of these writings, especially to young persons, whose passions are easily inflamed, and who are not sufficiently seasoned with judgment to refuse the evil and choose the good. The same may be said of many others of our most fascinating poetical authors, besides the immortal bard just mentioned.

The following dramatic composition is the production of a lady now deceased. She has culled some of the most beautiful flowers from *Shakespeare, Young, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, B. Johnson, and Massenger*; and has adapted their arrangement to the characters of the speakers introduced. Of extracts from these authors the language of this poem intirely consists. In their present form, instead of corrupting, they are calculated to amend the heart. And it is probable that many parents, who would shudder at the thought of giving their children a deleterious pill, for the sake of the gilding that covers it, will rejoice to have the salutary drug administered under a pleasing form; and to give them a taste of the poetic elegance of these authors, if it can be done without peril to their morals. "THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL" will combine these objects; and though by no means perfect as a drama, it is a most pleasing and ingenious performance.

The

The following short preface was prefixed to the work, in the hand-writing of a most worthy and amiable man, the Rev. HENRY SULGER; to whose memory Christian friendship is gratified in an opportunity of paying this tribute of affection. (He has lately joined his friend, the authoress, in the world of happy spirits; where, as kindred souls, they unite in adoring HIM, whom on earth they loved.) It is subjoined, as necessary to elucidate the nature of the subsequent drama.

“ The passages in this work appear quite new, being
 “ mostly put in another light than they were originally
 “ placed in, by the several authors from which they are
 “ taken. Shakespeare in particular would be amazed and
 “ pleased to find himself so happily spiritualized.

“ This performance is very much like a piece of Mosaic
 “ work, which is in certain respects of a more difficult
 “ execution than painting; because in the Mosaic work the
 “ author cannot mix and shade his own colours as he
 “ pleases; but is obliged to arrange and adjust little pieces
 “ of glass or smalt in such a manner, that they may produce
 “ the same effect which a well executed picture produces.
 “ I have seen such pieces, which were not inferior to paintings of the greatest masters. MANSOUL is therefore, in
 “ my eyes, a piece of fine Mosaic work; and would, in my
 “ humble opinion, not be unworthy of the press, if we did
 “ not live in an age, in which people will hear nothing of
 “ THAT MAN, to whose praise this drama was composed.

“ I am no friend to allegorical pieces, either in poetry or
 “ painting; nor do I admire what is commonly called spiritualizing; but MANSOUL has made me forget my antipathy
 “ against both.

“ H. ^{Henry} SULGER.”

THE SIEGE OF MANSOUL,

A D R A M A.

ACT I.

Scene, a platform before the palace in the city of Mansoul.

Enter THREE CENTINELS.

1 C. **W**HO's there?

2 C. Friends to this ground.

3 C. Liege-men to *Mansoul*.

1 C. You come most carefully upon your hour.

2 C. What, has this man appear'd again to night?

1 C. I have seen nothing.

2 C. Here's one, who says 'tis but our phantasia,

And will not let belief take hold of him;

Touching this dreaded fight twice seen of us.

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if this armed man again should come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to him.

3 C. Tush! Tush! he'll not appear.

1 C. Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

3 C. Well, sit we down,

And hear you speak of this.

A

1 C.

1 C. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward of the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns; my friend here and myself,
The bell then beating one——

2 C. Peace, break thee off!

Enter CONVICTION.

Look, where he comes again!

Conv. O wretched man!

1 C. Some inly sorrow gripes his soul.

2 C. He cannot
Utter a single word for tears.

3 C. He's gone!

2 C. How now, my friend! you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than phantasia?

3 C. 'Tis true; nor might I this believe without
The sensible avouch of mine own eyes.
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow;
So filled, and so terrible withal
In his aspect.

1 C. What think you of it then?

3 C. In what partic'lar thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
It bodes some strange eruption to our state.

2 C. When we make thought of all that passes here,
Our present government is but a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. Truth, love, and piety,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws
Decline to their confounding contraries.
Whether from these or something deeper still,
(Of which perchance these are but furnishings)
We seem mark'd out ev'n for the hottest vengeance,
And the most heavy rod of righteous Heav'n!

4 C.

1 C. Good now, sit down and tell me, he that knows,
 Why this same strict and most observant watch
 So nightly toils the subjects of the town?
 And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
 And foreign mart for implements of war?
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?

2 C. Why, brother, are you yet to learn, that peace
 Itself should not so dull a kingdom, but
 That strong defences, musters, preparations
 Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
 As were a war in expectation?

3 C. Friends, I do know you both most perfectly:
 And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
 Commend a dear thing t' ye. There is division
 (Although as yet the face of it be covered)
 In this our little world of *Manfoul*: whence
 Is grown distrust, that some within us are
 To realms remote the spies and speculations
 Of our sad state; unfolding us disjoint,
 And out of frame: and this I take it, is
 The one main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and rummage in the town.

1 C. I think it be no other; but ev'n so
 Well may it fort, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch, so like a man,
 That might be prologue to a threaten'd war.

Enter a SOLDIER.

O welcome, honest foldier; have you heard
 Nought strange about the town?

A 2

Sold.

Sold. I have heard things
Fitting the night : most black and comfortless.

1 *C.* Shew us the very wound of this ill news ;
Our ears are open'd and our hearts prepar'd.

Sold. A fearful army, led by mighty chiefs,
Raging upon our territories, have
Already overborne their way, and took
What lay before them.

3 *C.* Is there in these news
Such composition as to give them credit ?

Sold. Why grant there be some difference, as in
Reports, 'tis often so ; yet all confirm
A warlike force ; and marching up to us.

3 *C.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Enter ANOTHER SOLDIER.

How now, my friend, what news ?
What, do these hostile pow'rs approach us still ?
2 *Sold.* As fierce as waters to the sucking gulf ;
And bear with frankest shew their purposes
Against our town ; which (as it well appears
T' our state) are to subdue us with strong hand
And terms compulsative, to the same Pow'r
Whom they call Master ; and whom they proclaim
To be the universal and dread Lord
Of all this realm.

3 *C.* Who is this mighty Lord,
Whose claim bears such an emphasis ? Can any
Inform me ?

2 *Sold.* That can I ; at least the whisper
Goes so ; and is to thinking palpable :

That

That this dread King is He 'gainst whom, from days
Of old, our citizens most grievously
Rebell'd ; and like to men proud of destruction
Defied to the worst.

1 C. Then are we lost !

There's not an hair upon a soldier's head,
That will not prove a whip ; for we deserve
Such pity of Him, as the wolf does of
The shepherds.

2 C. Heavens, what a change is here !

But, friends, we hear the fearful tempest sing ;
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
We see the wind set fore upon our sails ;
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

1 Sold. Our *Regent* is too wilful opposite,
And will not temporize with fair entreaty.

2 C. And *Conscience* who should be interpreter
Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n
And our dull workings, is affected with
A sore distraction ; and, as it is said,
Doth lock fair day-light out, to make herself
An artificial night.

2 Sold. Yesterday morn, an hour before the sun
Peer'd through the golden windows of the east,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad ;
Where underneath the grove of cypresses,
That eastward rooteth from the palace-side,
So early walking did I see her come ;
And many mornings hath she there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with her deep sighs.

3 C. Haply she fears, if once her voice should be
Uplifted in the cause, we should more evils
Suffer, and in more sundry ways, than ever.

1 C.

1 C. O great iniquity, lay thou thy basis
Most sure and firm; for *Conscience* dares not check thee.

Enter CONVICTION.

Conv. O bear me witness, night!

1 *Sold.* What man is this?

1 C. Stand close and list him.

Conv. Be thou witness to me,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, *Conviction* did
In sorrow breathe this vow,

2 *Sold.* *Conviction!*

2 C. Peace!

Conv. Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease or idleness;
Till I have seen this city, bending down
Its corrigible neck, its face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, go weeping forth
To fetch their Sov'reign in.

2 C. Do ye attend?

1 *Sold.* Most heedfully.

Conv. Till ev'ry greedy look of young and old
Dart their desiring eyes upon His visage;
And all cry out at once, "O mighty King!
" We yield our lives and souls to Thy soft mercy;
" Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours;
" Our hearts are thine; we set them at Thy will."

2 C. Shall we hear more, or shall we speak at this?

Conv. O had but *Manfoul* staid within the cheer
And comfort of His eye!

2 *Sold.* He weeps and speaks.

Conv. That eye, from whence so oft have fallen drops,
That sacred pity had engendered!
For gentleness His strong enforcement was;

And

And heav'nly grace before, behind Him, and
 On ev'ry side enwheeled Him around.
 They could not speak their wants to such a Lord,
 And lose their voice; what mercy could they beg,
 That was not still His offer, not their asking?
 The head is not so native to the heart,
 The hand so instrumental to the mouth,
 As was His throne in *Manfoul* to His subjects.

3 C. We should have known no less; it hath been taught
 Us from the primal state.

Conv. But they have made
 A covenant with death; they have made lies
 Their refuge, and beneath a veil of falshood
 They've hid themselves.

1 C. Hark;————

Conv. What if the King should throw us
 For ever from His love, into the staggers
 And dreadful lapse of sin; His dire revenge
 Loosing upon us in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity? Then, Oh, then,
 Where should we be, if He who is the top
 Of judgment, should but judge us as we are?

1 *Sold.* Runs not this speech, like iron, thro' our blood?

2 *Sold.* O Heav'n, forgive us all!

1 C. Amen! Amen!

Conv. But that His mercy drops like gentle rain
 From heav'n upon the place beneath it, and
 Faster than we offend, doth heal it up;
 Why, we should live in desolation here,
 Ev'n to the opposed end of our intents,
 And fall to cureless ruin in the close!
 Instance, O instance, strong as heaven's high gates,
 When He our deadly forfeit did release,
 And for us wretches wrought perpetual peace!

2 C. This bows the heart.

2 Sold. We fight against the King!

Conv. Since the all-licenc'd will hath rul'd, I have
In sequestration spent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, overpast my days ;
But let me meet this traitor-governor.
It warms the very sickness at my heart,
That I should live and tell him to his teeth,
“ Thus diddest thou !” For now the time is come,
That will with due decision make us know,
What we shall say we have and what we owe. [Exit.

1 Sold. Oh day and night ! but this is wondrous strange !

1 C. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk, he hath gone by our watch.

2 C. What sound is that ? [Cock crows.

2 Sold. It is the cock that with
His lofty sounding throat awakes the day.

1 Sold. Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sov'reign's birth was celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
And then they say no spirit walks abroad,
No witchcraft takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm ;
The nights are wholesome, and no planets strike,
So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.

3 C. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill ;
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart unto the *Regent*, what
We've seen and heard to night.

2 C. Let's do't, I pray.
Tho' piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Manfoul*,
As tidings of this man. Why stay we then ?

3 C.

3 C. To make a recordation to my soul,
 Of ev'ry syllable that here was spoke :
 That if his occult guilt do not itself
 Unkennel in our story, 'tis not then
Conviction that hath spoke to us to night.
 But see where in good time the *Regent* comes.

Enter REGENT and his TRAIN.

Reg. Hang out our colours to the outward walls :
 The cry is still, "They come." Our city's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie,
 Till famine and the ague eat them up.
 Were they not forc'd by some that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful brow to brow,
 And beat them backward home.

Train. O spirit, brave!

Reg. Have you had quiet guard to night?

3 C. Oh, Sir,

We have a matter strange and marvellous
 To utter in your ear.

Reg. Pry'thee, say on ;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaims
 A matter from thee, and a birth indeed,
 Which throes thee much to yield.

3 C. Thus, Sir, two nights

Together had these Centries, on their watch,
 Encounter'd been.—A man that call'd himself
Conviction, armed at all points exactly,
 Cometh upon them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them ; thrice he walks
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they (distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear)

B

Stand

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time
 And form precise, each word made good and true,
Conviction cometh.

Reg. But from whence, I pray you,
 Came this said man?

3 *C.* Forth from that private portal,
 Which leads to *Manfoul's* centre, and thro' which
 Again he shrunk away, and vanish'd from
 Our fight.

Reg. 'Tis very strange.

3 *C.* Say't be, 'tis true.

Reg. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
 Arm'd, say you?

2 *C.* Yes, from head to foot, my Lord.

Reg. Then saw you not his face?

1 *C.* O yes, my Lord,
 He wore his beaver up.

Reg. What, did he frown?

2 *C.* A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

3 *C.* Alas! a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell
 To speak of horrors: gasping to begin
 Some speech, his eyes became two spouts; anon,
 The fury spent, words did break from his lips,
 The fearfullest that ever ear receiv'd,
 Touching our present state: and we did think
 It writ down in our duty to let you
 Know of all this.

Reg. At some more fitting season
 I'll hear it all; yet tell me now, what he
 Concluding uttered.

3 C. "The time is come,
 "That will, with due decision, make us know
 "What we shall say we have, and what we owe."

[Clock strikes.

Reg. Why so, perhaps it may.—Tell the clock there,
 Give me a Kalendar.—Who saw the sun
 To-day?

Cent. Not we, my Lord.

Reg. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago;
 A black day it may be to some-body.

Train. My Lord!

Reg. The sun will not be seen to-day;
 The sky doth frown and low'r upon our city.—
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground!
 Not shine to-day!

Train. Why, what is that to us,
 More than to those that threaten us? Doth not
 The self-same heav'n that frowns on us, look down
 Sadly on them?

Reg. I do not like to see
 These ravens, kites, and crows, flie o'er our heads,
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our city lies ready to give the ghost.

Train. Believe not so.

Reg. I but believe it partly?
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all peril very constantly.

1 C. How dreadfully this man attended is!
 They drive his purpose into their intents.

Train. We do beseech your Lordship to dismiss
 The Centinels; night hangs upon their eyes.

Reg. O, well remembered: I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd these things,
 Let them be treble in your silence still;
 And whatsoever further you may hear,
 Give it an understanding, and no tongue;
 I will requite your loves; so fare ye well.

3 *C.* We're hush'd until our city be on fire,
 And then we'll speak a little.

[*Exeunt Centinels.*]

Train. Mark you that?
 'Tis a beginning that in time will gain
 Upon your pow'r, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

Reg. And so it is; but yet I like it not,
 In that *Conviction* did appear to them.
 What roused vengeance sets him now awake?

Train. This was or might be phantasia, rais'd up
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought.

Reg. When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions; first, a dang'rous foe
 Cov'ring our fearful land; our citizens
 Muddied, thick and unwholesome in their thoughts,
 And whispers for this shew of war that points
 On us; then comes *Conviction* forth to grate
 Our days of quiet, and infect the town
 With pest'lent speeches of our government;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. Last, and as much containing
 As all these things, the joint imperatrice
 Of state, poor *Conscience*, most unhappily
 Divided from herself and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts.

Train.

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Train. Why do you give
Yourself this shame? The sense of death is most
In apprehension; the poor beetle that
We tread upon, in corp'ral suff'rance finds
A pang as great as when a giant dies.
Nor is it wise or noble to fear death;
Seeing that death a necessary end
Will come, when it will come. 'Tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon;
And twenty years of life cut off, cut off
So many years of fearing death.

Reg. Grant that,
And then is death a benefit: so that
My fears seem foolish now, and I ashamed
That I did yield to them.

Train. We will attend
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Manfoul*,
Thorough the hazards of that untrod state,
With all true faith.

Reg. I never thought ye worse:
Let's presently go sit in council, and
Let our best means be stretch'd to answer perils
That us may threaten. Ah! How now, what means
That noise within? [*Noise within.*]

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Att. Oh! my lord, save yourself.

Reg. Guard the doors there; what is the matter? speak.

Att. The ocean overpeering of his lists
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,

Than

Than lord *Conviction*, with a pow'rful arm,
O'erbears your officers.

Reg. Let him not enter.

Enter CONVICTION.

Reg. I have been worth respect:

Conv. Oh! *Regent*, you,
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.

Reg. What, are you mad become?

Train. 'Tis but his humour and strange phantasia;
The bus'ness of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Conv. The will that shews
Itself so incorrect to heav'n, must come
Perforce to deadly use.

Reg. No more; 'tis foolish.

Conv. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths favor but themselves. What is a man,
If the chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

Reg. Why, 'tis well known, that we do set apart
A time for holy offices, and hours
To meditate on heav'n, the treasury
Of everlasting joy.

Conv. Thy heaven is
On earth; thine eyes and thoughts beat on this world,
The treas'ry of thy heart.

Reg. O thou vain fool!

Conv. Believe it, *Regent*, that the hour will come
When foul sin gath'ring head shall break into
Corruption, and bring forth deserved death;
And for this issue thou wilt file thy mind,
Put rancours in the vessel of thy peace

Only

Only for this; and thine eternal jewel
 Give to the common enemy of man
 To be his thrall; rather than so ———

Train. To whom
 Speak'st thou?

Conv. To him, this outward-fainted governor,
 Who, were his filth cast out, would then appear
 A pond as deep as hell.

Reg. How lock I then,
 That I should even seem to lack so much
 Of loyalty, as these words do import?

Conv. Oh, 'tis well known, that all false seeming fails;
 And that its pow'rs will their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage, if it perchance encounter
 The eye of truth.

Reg. I understand not this.

Conv. You dare not: all who have thy load of guilt,
 Fly the remembrance.

Reg. Life and death! I blush
 That thou should'st have the pow'r to shake me thus!
 My guilt! I tell thee, that I should not care
 If it was written here; here in my forehead.

Conv. Thy body is too little for the story.

Reg. Does any here know me? Am I myself?
 Do I walk thus, speak thus? where are my eyes?
 Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Conv. Why, it is much to be lamented, *Regent*,
 That thou hast no such mirror as will turn
 Thine hidden worthlessness into thine eye,
 That thou might'st be acquainted with thyself.
 But 'tis our misery, when we grow hard
 In sin, our eyes are seal'd in their own filth;
 Else were 't impossible thou should'st embrace

The

The ugly form of forg'd rebellion 'gainst
Thy king, and in conclusion be prepar'd
T' oppose the bolt against His coming.

Reg.

Hah!—

Train. How now, my Lord! what hath so cowarded
And chas'd your blood out of appearance thus?

Reg. Arm, arm, my foul! a puny subject strikes
Thy peace; are we not high? high be our thoughts!
We have done deeds that are of weight, and have
Full pow'r to serve our turn—wherefore is that?

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter HERALD.

And what art thou, that durst appear thus here?

Her. Hail, *Regent of Mansoul*; if thou be'st he,
To thee my holy errand is.

Reg.

Speak out.

The *Regent* hears nought privately, that comes
In braving arms against this city's peace.

Her. Nor I in arms do come to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense to the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Reg.

Speak frankly as the wind;

It is not now the *Regent's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know; *Herald*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Her.

Then, *Regent*, hear;

And may'st thou from thy heart embrace the form
And favour of this fair occasion,
To welcome home again discarded faith;
And, like abated and retired flood,
Leaving thy rankness and irreg'lar course,
Stoop low within the bounds thou hast o'erlook'd:

C

Unto

Unto which end these colours, that are now
 Within the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd, being no further foes
 Than your resistance shall provoke them to.

Reg. First, tell us whence is their authority,
 That we may waken reverence, and bid
 The cheek be ready with a rising blush.

Her. Tush, tush, man; never fleer nor jest at this,
 Lest you be called to so hot an answer,
 That caves and womby vaultages of rocks
 Shall hide your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent from our ordinance.
 Th' authority that sent us here is not
 Less high than *Manfoul's* king.

Reg. Than *Manfoul's* king?

Her. Ay, *Regent*, 'twas my word; and thus the chiefs
 And leaders of His hosts greet you by me
 Their messenger;—they will you in the name
 Of everlasting love, that you divest
 Yourself —————

Reg. I must prevent thee, *Herald*: be not fond
 To think that *Manfoul* bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from its true quality
 By that which melteth fools; I mean, vain dreams,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days,
 And from the dust of old oblivion rak'd.

Her. Take heed, proud man!

Reg. No, here we'll sit and rule
 In large and ample empery: for either
 Our hist'ry shall with full and open mouth
 Speak of our mighty acts; or else our grave
 Shall have a tongueless mouth, and we will lose
 The name befitting such a state.

Her.

Her.

Thou wilt

A trembling bring upon thy state, such as
 Was never so incapable of help.
 Our cannons have their bowels full of wrath
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparations for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceedings by these means,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
 And but for our delay these sleeping stones,
 Which, as a waist, do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of our ordinance,
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dislodged, and wide havoc made
 For bloody pow'r to rush upon your peace.
 But on the sight of us respect your King ;
 And as, instead of bullets wrapt in fire
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 We shoot but calm words folded up in smok ;
 Open your gates, and give us entrance wide,
 In that behalf which we do challenge it.

Reg. You are the men who overturn the world ;
 And now come here with fearful bravery,
 Thinking to fasten on our minds that you
 Are sent to us from high authority ;
 But 'tis not so.

Her.

Nay then, I see the ears

Are senseless, that should give to us a hearing.

Reg. My ears against your words are stronger than
 Your force against our walls, whose freedom and
 Essential vesture of true liberty
 Shall not be put in circumscription and
 Confine,

Her. What shall prevent it?

Reg. What? My will.

And to this point I'll stand, as if a man
Were author of himself.

Her. O heavy lightness!

Most serious vanity! Mishapen chaos
Of strange well-seeming forms! The first full blast
That shakes your battlements, shall sink you down
To grievous wrack and direful sufferance. [pow'r:

Reg. Strength shall match strength, and pow'r shall answer
So shall the current of our right run on;
Whose passage vex't with your impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erflow
With course disturb'd ev'n your confining tents,
To force the proud control of threat'ning war
From out the circle of our territories.

Her. Stay, *Regent*: I do here present to you
The volume of your city's history;
A precious book of love, containing things
Above all earthly thought; and richer made
With tokens of your Sov'reign's care of you,
Than all the ouzy bottom of the deep
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
Examine this, and see your peace writ there
With mercy's pen; the reconciliation made
That wipes out past ingratitude, and seals
Your full desire in faults forgiv'n with love
Above their quantity.

Reg. Why force you this?

Her. That *Manfoul* may in time check his contempt,
May see his weakness and resign himself
Without delay.

Reg. Or else what follows?

Her.

Her.

War

And dire confusion ; sharp defiance I
 Have to pronounce against thee : therefore heed
 How you awake that sleeping sword, whose edge
 Will make such waste in brief mortality,
 I you beseech.

[*Regent and Train confer apart.*]*Conv.* The life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly.

*Her.*O kind *Conviction*,

We have good hope thy presence in the city
 Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of their taking arms.

Conv. Alas ! My pow'r within these walls is weak
 And limited ; or I would force them stoop
 Unto the sov'reign mercy of the King.

Her. Then would this city be a paradise,
 T'envelope and contain celestial spirits ;
 All which is written in that holy book,
 Which we have just deliver'd in his hands.
 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
 That he should fashion, wrest, or bow his reading ;
 Or nicely charge his understanding soul
 With op'ning meanings miscreate, whose turn
 Suits not in native colours with the truth :
 But that his answer, in his conscience may
 Be wash'd as pure as sin with baptism is !

[*Regent and Train come forward.*]

Reg. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'erglanc'd some articles ; nor can I now
 Take time to resurvey or them consider.

Her. But have you not perceiv'd, and also felt,
 That on our part this will be holy war ;
 But black and fearful on th'opposer's part ?

Reg.

Reg. The sum of all our answer is but this.
 We would not seek a warfare as we are ;
 But as we are, we say, we will not shun it.
 So tell your masters.

Her. Then Heav'n only knows
 What shall become of' all those souls, that to
 Their everlasting residence shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of this kingdom's King.

Reg. Well hence; be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And fullen preface of your own decay.
 An honorable conduct let him have;
Conviction, see to it : now farewell, *Herald*.
 Is not the lady *Conscience* in this troop ?
 I know she is not ; for this answer sent,
 Her presence would have interrupted much.
 Whither is she retir'd ? tell me, who knows.

Train. She's sad and passionate in the cypress grove.

Reg. And this defiance, sent unto the foe,
 Will give her sadness very little cure :
 For in her brain-sick raptures she proclaims
 Assured loss to us, before the match
 Be play'd. Yet I do trust we shall, if not
 Fill to the brim the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
 That we shall stop her restless exclamation.
 But come what comes ; I would forget that I
 Have ever heard the fearful name of death.

Train. 'Tis nobly spoke : assurance bless your thoughts !

ACT

ACT II.

*Scene a Cypress-Grove.**Enter CONSCIENCE and CONVICTION.*

Conf. O GOOD and grave *Conviction*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee! be only pleas'd
To lend your patience to us for a while,
And I will jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content and balmy peace.

Conv. Say you? Then, pray you mark, What we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are thoughts, are sins, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by faving.

Conf. I'll th' effect of this
Good lesson keep as watchman to my heart.
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records;
And thy instructions all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, indeed.

Conv. Ay, but we often break what to ourselves
In passion we propose: for I do know
How prodigal the soul lends vows unto
The tongue, when the blood burns; but these brief blazes,
O dearest *Conscience*, give more light than heat
Extinct in both (ev'n in their promise as
It's making); these you must not take for fire.

Conf. I've found it sweet, and tasting strong of bliss.

Conv. Too flatt'ring sweet, if not substantial;
A violet in the youth of primy nature;
Forward, not permanent; tho' sweet, not lasting;

The

The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.

Conf. No more but so?

Conv. Think it no more.

For true faith grows not merely in the breath
Of words and vows; but, as it does increase,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal; sending forth evermore
Some living instance of itself to follow
The thing it loves.

Conf. And as it should. I have
Abus'd myself beyond the mark of thought.
For this time leave me, leave me, O *Conviction*:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Conv. I will do so; till then think on my words. [*Exit.*]

Conf. O true *Conviction*, thou hast made me see
Myself, ev'n as the painting of a sorrow;
A face without a heart: whether from this,
Or bestial oblivion, I know not
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
And that with such excitements I can stand
And let all sleep. O then from this time forth,
My thoughts turn that way or be nothing worth.

Enter CHORUS.

How now? why do you come and thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations thus?
What is your business here?

Chor. Most noble lady,
First our own service to your grace; the next
The *Régent's* order we should visit you:
Who from his soul does much bewail your weakness,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Conf.

Conf. It is not in his pow'r to comfort me:
 He is as petty to that end, as is
 The morning dew upon the myrtle leaf
 To quench the flaming gulph of *Tartarus*.

Chor. He is gone forth to view the feeble posts
 Of *Manfoul*, and to line and new repair
 Our fortresses with means defendant 'gainst
 The enemy; it being best in causes
 Of sure defence to weigh the foe more mighty
 Ev'n than he seems. So, madam, fear not you
 His overthrow.

Conf. Nay let it come,

Chor. Come what?

Conf. His overthrow.

Chor. You wander from our aim.

Conf. No, 'twould heap happiness upon us all;
 For then, and not till then we shall begin
 To feel ourselves, and find the blessedness
 Of being little.

Chor. Might it please your grace
 To leave your griefs, and put yourself into
 The *Regent's* hand; that of his merit you
 Might make yourself a staff to lean upon.
 It would be much both for your grace's honor,
 And for the city's peace.

Conf. Is this your counsel?
 Would you have me to take for my support
 A broken reed? What could to me occur
 Above such wretchedness as this would be?
 Your study's to make me a curse like this.

Chor. Your fears are worse.

Conf. Nay, then I see, remorse
 And grace are dead; all is but toys; there's nothing
 Serious or awful in mortality.

D

Chor.

Chor. O *Conscience*, could you but be brought to think
Our ends were honest, you would feel more comfort ;
And as you've ever stood to charity,
Displaying the effects of wisdom and ——

Conf. No more !
He does me double wrong, that wounds me with
The flatt'ries of his tongue.

Chor. Pray hear us out.

Conf. I would not, nay I dare not make myself
So guilty ; but if yet my word be sterling
In *Manfoul*, then let it command a mirror
Strait hither, that it may shew me what face
I have, since we have heard the sound of trumpet
And the alarm of war without the city.

Chor. Then while the glass doth come to us, let's tell
Of things to drive away this heaviness.

Conf. Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs ;
For nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover for our bones.
And more than carefully it us concerns,
E're we bequeath our bodies to the ground,
To be made fit and season'd for our passage.

Chor. Join not with grief, dear *Conscience* ; do not so,
To make our ends more sudden ? Have we not
Yet many years to live ?

Conf. Be ye not thus
Infus'd with self and vain conceit ; as if
This flesh, that walls about our life, were brass
Impregnable : for all our yesterdays
Have lighted fools the way to dusty death,
Haply cut off ev'n in the blossoms of
Their sins ; or taken grasfly full of bread ;
Or in some act that had no relish of

Salvation

Salvation in't; no reck'ning made, but sent
 To their account with all their imperfections
 Upon their heads. If so, who knows, save Heav'n,
 How their tremendous final audit stands?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with them.

Chor. 'Tis enough, sweet *Conscience*;
 Thou dost torment thyself and us with thoughts,
 That are beyond the reaches of our souls.
 Rather let us sit down awhile, and read
 Some pleasing history; till we possess
 A golden slumber here, and steep our sense
 In sweet forgetfulness.

Conf. I'll read enough,
 When I can see the very book indeed,
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter one with a glass.

Conf. Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
 But they can see a sort of traitors here;
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest.
 Alack, the heavy day! that I've worn out
 So many winters, and not known myself!
 A brittle glory shineth in this face;
 As brittle as the glory is the face;
 For there it is crack'd in a hundred shivers.

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

Mark, silent friends, the moral of this sport;
 How soon my sorrow has destroy'd my face.

Chor. The shadow of your sorrow has destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

Conf.

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ? Ha, let's see ;
'Tis very true ; my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows of the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
For I have that within, that passeth shew.

Chor. Madam, you're much too sad ; we you beseech,
Make trial of heart-easing mirth, in which
We have a prosp'rous art to give content.

Conf. Go then, and converse hold with groaning wretches ;
Visit the speechless sick, and try your art
T'enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Then if the sickly ears, deaf with the clamors
Of their own groans, will hear your idle jests :
Return to me, and I will hear you too.

Chor. To move wild laughter in the throat of death !
It cannot be ! It is impossible !

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Question no farther with her, let's away ;
Her words are full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*

Conf. Now to some place, where I may ruminate
My griefs alone from interruption free ;
For nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I exist a member of His love,
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Honor alone ; till then, howe'er my haps,
My joys will ne'er begin, nor sorrows end.

Scene, an apartment in the palace.

Enter REGENT.

Reg. Nor night nor day no rest. Guilt and the heaviest
Filleth my sleep with perturbation.

The

The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight?
 Cold trembling drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What? do I fear myself? There's none else by.
Manfoul loves *Manfoul*; that is, I am I.
 Is there a traitor here? No; yes, I am;
 Then fly—what, from myself? great reason; why?
 Left I revenge—What? myself on myself?
 I love myself—wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O no, alas! I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a traitor; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well;—fool, do not flatter.
 I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most; yea, it is I
 That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
 By being worse than they. Would I could throw
 To earth these unprevailing thoughts, that time
 Might temper their extremities, or teach me
 How to forget to think!—I'll something do—
 O weary night! O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east!

Enter TRAIN.

Train. Many good mornings to your excellence.

Reg. Is it good morning, friends?

Train. It is, my lord.

Reg. O heavy burthen, that breaks up all seasons,
 And all reposing hours! making night morning,
 And noon-tide night.

Train. Why looks your grace so sad?

Reg. O I have past a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams;
 That as I am a living breathing man,

I would

I would not spend another such a one
 'Tho' 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time.
 Methought I pass'd a melancholy flood
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night;
 Where being come I heard this greeting to
 My stranger soul——

"What scourge can this dark monarchy afford
 "To *Manfoul*? *Manfoul's* come, perfidious *Manfoul*!
 "Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments."
 With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me; and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell;
 Such terrible impressions made my dream.

Train. 'Tis but the mock'ry of unquiet sleep.

Reg. Use careful discipline, chuse trusty centinels;
 For so in brief the season bids us do,
 Since we must put our town t' th' arbitrament
 Of bloodie strokes and mortal staring war.
 Oh that one might but know the end of all
 This business e're it come!

Train. But it sufficeth

That it will end, and then the end is known:
 They shall not find us unprovided, sir. [Exit *Train*.]

Reg. This siege unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
 And dull to all proceedings. Nought goes right.
 When I would think and pray, I think and pray
 To sev'ral subjects. Heav'n my empty words
 Hath; whilst invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on vanities. Heav'n's in my mouth,
 As if I did but only shew its name;
 And, in my heart, the strong and swelling evils
 Of my conception.

Enter

Enter CHORUS.

How is *Conscience* now ?

Chor. Not so much sick, my noble lord, as sad ;
And troubled with thick coming fancies, which
Do keep her from her rest.

Reg. Cure her of that.
Can ye not minister unto a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that per'lous load,
That weighs upon the heart ? [*Knocks within.*

Re-enter TRAIN.

Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me !

Train. Your constancy hath left you unattended.

Reg. Hark ! Hark ! more knocking. [*Knock.*

Train. Be not lost so poorly
In gloomy thoughts ; better be with the dead
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In constant fear and restless ecstasy ;

Reg. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss ;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Train. *Regent*, you are in this important war
Stept in so far, that, should you wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Why, courage then ! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament and fear.

Reg. Nay, let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer ;
Ere we will eat our meals in fear, and sleep

In

In the affliction of these horrid dreams,
That shake us nightly.

Train. Now this tune goes manly.
Gently, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your friends to-day.

Reg. Most willingly; and to add lustre to 't,
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Enter CONSCIENCE.

Conf. A wicked day; and not a holyday.
A day of shame, rebellion, perfidy.

Train. My lady *Conscience*, peace.

Conf. I will not peace.
Look to thyself; thou art in jeopardy,
O *Regent*.

Reg. Well, then come to me to-morrow.

Conf. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.
Then take the instant by the foremost top,
For we must die; and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

Reg. Pray be gone.

Conf. O I could prophesie, but that thy soul
Is all too wanton and too full of mirth
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsie race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with my grievous wrongs;
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

Reg. I must not listen t'ye; it is not wise
In me to do so.

Conf.

Conf. How ? not wise to do it ?

Reg. Pry'thee no more ; cease now ; or else thy speeches
Will in short time unfurnish me of reason.

Conf. O, I am press'd to death for want of speaking ;
Stay yet—These walls that partly front your town,
These tow'rs whose wanton tops do burs the clouds—

Reg. Say, what of these ?

Conf. Shortly shall kiss their feet.

Reg. Waft thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee : here they stand, and while
They do, we'll ram our gates against the world.

[*Regent and Train confer together.*]

Conf. Why then I do but dream of happiness ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread ;
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.
Vain is my wish, my peace being so far off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
I am like one lost in a thorny wood
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns ;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desp'rately to find it out,
Torment myself in vain.

Reg. How is it now ?

Conf. Ill in myself ; and seeing thee too, ill :
Thy death-bed is no other than thyself,
Wherein thou liest dangerously sick ;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Giv'st thy distemper'd body to the cure
Of those physicians who first wounded thee.

E

Reg.

Reg. You cram these words into my ears against
My sense.

Conf. Remember this another day,
When they shall split thy heart with sorrow ; when
Thou find'st them hollow, deep, and full of guile ;
Then say that *Conscience* was a prophetess.

Reg. Prophetess may you be, and let me meet
With treachery where most I trust to be
Releas'd from thee.

Conf. Thus have you breath'd a curse
Against yourself.

Reg. I will not stay thy question ;
Let go — [Exit.]

Conf. I say, farewell : the day is spent.
Here I must rest : faintness constraineth me.
I wish mine eyes would with themselves shut up
My thoughts awhile ; they much incline so now.

Train. 'Tis a good dulness, give it way ; farewell. [Exit.]

Chor. Sleep seldom visits sorrow :—soon asleep.
Now let our *Conscience* lie both day and night,
Lull'd in sweet flow'rs, with musick and delight.
[Exeunt bearing away Conscience.]

Scene changes to a Camp.

Enter CHIEFS of IMMANUEL'S ARMY and HERALD.

Her. In brief, my lords, you may as bootless spend
Your vain commands upon this self-will'd town
To yield to you, as send your precepts stern
To the leviathan to come ashore.

Boanerges. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Their fault the law calls death ; but our kind Prince,
Taking their part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to life again.

This

This is dear mercy, and they see it not.
 That ever Christian souls, that souls redeem'd,
 Should show such heinous black ingratitude !
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit ; and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.

Judgment. But when, my lords, this traitor governor,
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Shall see our standards planted on his walls,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Execution. Why pause we then ? Let's on to the assault ;
 By east and west, let us our engines mount,
 And batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths ;
 Till their soul-rending clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous town ;
 Ev'n till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

Herald. Ye noble presences be rul'd by me ;
 Another day at least delay to send
 Destruction into this city's bosom.
 Haply upon their more advice they will
 Accept of grace and love.

Boan. Let it be so.
 And once again thou shalt be sent to them
 With the most gracious offers of the King.
 Tell them He loves His *Manfoul* well, howe'er
 Ungrateful and misled they've been till now ;
 And, if they take the offer of His grace,
 They shall be His again, and He'll be theirs ;
 So tell the governor, and bring us word
 What he will do. But, if he will not yield ;

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office.

Judg. And meanwhile,
O earth, I do salute thee with my hand ;
Feed not thy Sov'reign's foes, O gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort their rav'nous sense.
But when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sov'reign's enemies.

Boan. *Manfoul* we love, and for that *Manfoul's* sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
Peace then to them, if they in peace permit
Our just demanded entrance to their town.
If not, let peace again ascend to heav'n ;
While we, God's wrathful agents, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heav'n.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene the outside of the City Gates.

Enter CONVICTION.

Conv. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and dissolve itself into a dew !
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely:

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. O *Conviction*, yonder
Has been such laughing 'twixt the *Regent* and
His jovial *Train* !

Conv. But he must weep, my friends.

Chor. Must he ?

Conv.

Соню.

Enter REGENT *and* TRAIN:

Reg.

Chor.

Conv.

Reg.

Conv.

Reg.

Conv.

Conv. You look but on the outside of this work.

Reg. Outside or inside, I will not give up,
Till I have won renown ev'n in the jaws
Of danger and of death.

Conv. What is the cause
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Canst thou presume to look with forehead bold
And big enough upon the pow'r and puissance
Ev'n of thy king, that thou dost step so far
Into a theme so bloodie-fac'd as this?
Poor man, thy most assured overthrow
Is near; and thou approachest to the gulf,
Where thou most certainly must be englutted.

Reg. I say thou li'st, *Conviction*; and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a false traitor and confed'rate
With yonder foe. Neither do I believe
These troops to be sent hither from the King.

Conv. Thou dost belie thy Lord, in saying thus;
And through deceit thou dost refuse to know Him.

Reg. Milk-liver'd man, that bear'st a cheek for blows,
A head for wrongs; the foe does spread his banner
Over our land; with plum'd helm doth begin
His vaunting threats, whilst thou, a moral fool,
Sittest still, and cry'st, "Alack, why does he so?"

Conv. Thou chang'd and self-conceited thing, for shame
Bemonster not thy once fair features thus:
Proper deformity seems not to be
Ev'n in the fiend so horrid as in man.

Reg. Come, what abridgment have we for to night?
What masque? what musick? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.

Conv.

Conv. I fear too chearful ; for my mind misgives
 Some consequence yet hanging o'er our heads
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels ; and expire the term
 Of a despised grace, reversing it
 Into the forfeit of unlook'd for death. [nothing.

Reg. Peace, peace, *Conviction*, peace ; thou talk'st of
 How now ! what trumpet's that doth summon us ?

Enter HERALD.

Her. Once more with gracious offers am I sent,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Reg. Bid me not open my gates ; desire me not
 To allay my courage with your colder reasons ;
 For as I first resolv'd to keep this town,
 So constant am I to defend it still ;
 And I am safe as constant ; those who know
 All mortal consequences have pronounc'd it.

Her. O *Manfoul ! Manfoul !* kingdom miserable !
 How canst thou boast of being safe, that thus
 By thine own interdiction stand'st accurs'd ?
 Be call'd no more a kingdom, but a grave,
 A vast obscurity, a misty vale,
 Where sin's confineless harms are in full sway !
 And yet shalt thou be safe ?—Such safety finds
 The trembling lambs environed with wolves.

Reg. Wake not our peace, which in our city's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant-breath of gentle sleep.

Her. O never shall thy city see that peace,
 Nor entertain one quiet breath of rest ;
 Until, with true obedience and heart's faith,
 And sloping duty to thy Sovereign,
 Ev'n at His feet thou lay thy arms and pow'r :

And

And thereto do I bend my speech, that peace
 May in thy gates set up her lovely visage,
 And bless thee with her heav'nly qualities.
 But if my office and authority,
 Grave witnesses of truth, cannot prevail;
 Look on thy city, see thy walls defac'd
 By wasting ruin and infirm decay.
 As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
 When death does close his tender dying eyes,
 Behold, behold poor *Manfoul's* pining sickness;
 Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
 Which thou thyself hast giv'n her woeful breast;
 O turn thy edged sword another way;
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
 Whom join'st thou with, but thy most deadly foe,
 That fashions thee an instrument of ill
 But to reward thee with the loss of all?
 See then, thou fight'st against thy dearest Friend,
 To side with him who'll be thy slaughterer;
 And many troubles dost thou undergo,
 To work thy sure destruction under him.
 Take heed, resist it, let it not be so.
 For us, O *Manfoul*, trust to't, we behold
 The flatness of thy misery with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge; witness these tears
 That break my utterance, even in the time
 When it should move thee to attend me most.
 Return then, O return, thou fugitive;
 And with submissive loyalty of heart,
 Let fall thy sword before thy Sov'reign's feet.

Reg. I will not yield; it is a part whereto
 I cannot frame my spirit; so farewell.

[Exit Her.
 Conv.

Conv. Fond man, what wouldst thou do ! with better
This hideous madness check. [judgment.

Reg. Out of my sight !

Conv. See better first ; revoke thy brainless words ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Reg. Hear me then ;

Since thou wilt come between our words and pow'r,
We banish thee our territories, and
The hopeless word of *never to return*,
Breathe I against thee upon pain of life.
Away ; this sentence shall not be revok'd.

Conv. Ha ! banishment ? It is a cause most worthy
My best intent's, that I may strike at *Manfoul* !
Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Manfoul*, ripe for stroke ! from thee
I turn to those whom thou shalt curstie to,
Ev'n yonder camp of high resolved chiefs ;
Where, if they give me way, I'll do good service.
Then, *Regent*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.



ACT III.

Scene an apartment in the palace.

Enter REGENT, and TRAIN following.

Reg. **W**HEN our desires are got without content,
 Nothing is good; all dwells in doubtful joy.
 Come, night, scarf up the searching eye of day;
 And with thy friendly and invis'ble hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!

Train. My lord, why thus alone;
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Conviction's gone, there's nothing left to fear.

Reg. There's none but he, whose being I do fear.
 For in his loyalty of nature reigns
 That, that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
 And to that dauntless temper of his mind
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. Hence my fears in him
 Stick deep. Should he go over to the foe;
Manfoul against such union powerful,
 And unmatch'd force, could never wage in war.

Train. Use not such thoughts, till real danger come.
 Ah, what a shame! Ah, what a fault were that!

Reg. You take me in too dolorous a sense;
 I hope well of to-morrow. Come on, and let
 Us have one other gaudy night, wherein
 We'll drown consideration.

Train. Plutus himself,
 Who knows the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
 Than we have in this thing.

Reg.

Reg. Kind friends, your pains
 Are regist'rd where every day I turn
 The leaf and read them. Go, prepare for mirth.
 We'll mock the midnight bell, it will beget
 New courage in our breasts. All may be well.

Train. We warrant you, my lord. [*Exit Train.*]

Reg. Why should not these
 Be oracles to me that set me up
 In chearful hope?

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now, my friend, what news?
 A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood
 That I have seen inhabit in thy cheeks?
 So foul a skie clears not without a storm;
 Pour down thy weather quick; what is thy news?

Mefs. 'Tis confidently said that lord *Conviction*,
 Joined with *Boanerges*, comes against us;
 He hath had welcome: and that he may act,
 As best he is experienc'd in our strength
 And weakness; they have given him the leading
 Of his revenge; and to this amity
 They have knit hands with all religious strength
 Of sacred vows.

Reg. Is it concluded so?

Mefs. They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Reg. Ah! foul shrewd news indeed! I did not think
 To be so sad to night as this has made me.
 What means can now be strain'd in this dear peril?
 Run to my nobles, bid them hither come
 Forthwith. Bid come before us *Fortitude*,
Perseverance, *Courage*, *Patience*, *Stableness*,
 That they may knit their sinews to my strength.

Mefs. My lord, the hearts of all these great ones do
 Revolt from you. *Conviction's* banishment
 Hath mov'd the murmur'ing lips of discontent
 To break into this dang'rous argument ;
 If what you do is right, why should your fears,
 Which as they say attend the steps of wrong,
 Have mov'd you to send hence the only man,
 Whose good advice hath ever been both safe
 And prosp'rous at this city's council board.

Reg. O let me have no subject-enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my town.
 Go try some way to win their love again.
 Succeed, and thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As I myself.

Mefs. I'll go and seek them out.
 May the destructive sword rise never here,
 Till high-rai'd *Mansoul* hath out-liv'd the lease
 Of nature, and so paid his breath to time
 And mortal custom.

[*Exit.*

Reg. Bitter consequence !
 I tremble at it. Heav'n only knows how soon
 I must embrace the fate of that dark hour.
 Ev'n this ill night my breathing may expire.
 I would most gladly have forgot the thought,
 But it returns upon my memory
 As doth the raven o'er th' infected house
 Boading to ill.—The mere surmise shakes so
 My inward state of man, that reason is
 O'return'd with horrible imaginings.
 I'll call my *Train* again to comfort me.
 Yet what should they do here ? They cannot move
 The heav'ns to smile upon my present state,

Which

Which well I feel is spoil'd and full of sin.
 I should be guiltier than my guiltiness
 To think I can be undiscernable.—
 In the corrupted current of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In its true nature, and ourselves compell'd
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now? Will not my lords return to me?

Mess. They're gone to give their service to your foes.
 I offer'd to awaken their regard
 For your estate; their answer to me was
 That you had dispossest yourself of them.

Reg. Hasten away and ring th'alarm-bell.
 All things that were ordained festival,
 Turn into fasting penitential;
 A thousand bus'nesses are brief at hand,
 And Heav'n itself doth frown upon this land.

Scene changes to a Room of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter TRAIN meeting the REGENT.

Train. All comfort that the dark night can afford
 Be to thy person, noble governor,
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Reg. Did ye not hear a voice?

Train. The owl did shriek.

Reg. Hark! Peace! who lies in the next chamber? say.

Train. The Centinels,

Reg.

Reg. There's one did laugh in's sleep;
 And one cried treason! thus they wak'd each other;
 And I stood by and heard them; but they said
 Their pray'rs, and then again address'd themselves
 To sleep. One said, "God blefs us!" and "Amen" the
 Lift'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen," [other.
 When they did say, "God blefs us."

Train. You must leave this.

Reg. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen?"
 I had most need of blessing, and Amen
 Stuck in my throat.

Train. These things must not be thought
 After these ways; so it will make us mad.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your valiant keeper *Carnal-Mind*
 Doth send you word as a vouch'd certainty,
Conviction's forces are by sudden floods
 And fall of waters all dispers'd and scatter'd;
 And he himself wander'd away alone
 No man knows whither.

Reg. Thou dost sing sweet musick.

Train. Now then, my lord, let's dedicate the rest
 Of this fair night to sweet content and joy.

Reg. I cannot joy to night, my friends; you do
 Yourselfes but wrong to stir me up.

Train. You speak
 But from your fear and a distracted mind.
 A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
 That rides at anchor, when the ocean's calm;
 But when it's boist'rous, and the wind grows high,
 It cuts away with skill and majesty.

Train. Let's feast your ears with musick for a while.

SONG.

SONG:

Come ye servants of bright joy,
 With pomp, and feast, and reveloy,
 And unreprieved pleasures free.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee I mean to live.

Reg. That strain again ;—O it came o'er my ears
 Like the sweet south upon a bank of vi'lets ;
 Stealing and giving odours. I'm not merry ;
 But I beguile the thing I am, by seeming
 Quite otherwise. Be large in mirth, my friends.
 Silence that dismal bell ; it frights the town [*Bell tolls.*
 From her propriety. Come let us all take hands,
 Till that the conqu'ring wine hath steep'd our sense
 In soft and del'cate lethe.—Yet it goes
 Against me—for methinks our graver bus'ness
 Frowns on this levity————

Conscience speaks within. O Mansoul ! Mansoul ! why with
 New-wing the short, short day's too rapid flight ? [*Levities*
 Know, like th'Affyrian, fate is in thy walls ;
 O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee !

The REGENT rises in disorder and comes from the table.

Reg. O treach'rous *Conscience* ! while she seems asleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song ;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to licence unrecall'd
 Unmark'd ;—see from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills :
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen,
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band ;

A watch-

A watchful foe ! The formidable spy
 Lift'ning o'erhears the whispers of our feast,
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.

O *Manfoul*, such that sleeper in thy walls !
 Such is her slumber, and her vengeance such
 For slighted counsel, such thy future peace !

Train. Turn this way, *Regent*, and regard her not.

Conf. Look how thou di'st ! Look how thine eyes turn
 Hark how the city groans, how all cry out ! [pale!
 Behold distraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,
 And all cry " *Manfoul*, *Manfoul's* dead, is lost !"

Reg. O this, like to a murth'ring pierce, gives me
 In many places a superfluous death.

Train. 'Tis spoke in the infirmity of sense.

Reg. There's more in't. Millions of sins muster
 Mine eyes. O horror ! in what stormy forms [round
 Of death thou ridest now ! Methinks a grave
 Doth open there before me, and I see
 A herse o'erspread with *Mansoul's* ensigns tumble
 In to 't.

Train. What do you mean ?

Reg. Behold ! Look ! ho !
 How say you ? See you nothing there ?

Train. Nothing:
 Yet all, that's there, we see.

Reg. Hence, dreaded shadows !
 Unreal mock'ry, hence !—why so ?—being gone,
 I am a man again.

Train. 'Tis but a false
 Creation of the heat-oppressed brain.

Enter

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The foe advances to the city-gates
In dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
With them is come along the banish'd man,
Conviction; and upon his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this night
To feast on *Manfoul*.

Reg. *Carnal-mind*, that villain,
Did send us word he had retir'd himself.

Train. And so no doubt he thought. But why stands *Man-*
In this amazement? [*foul*]

Reg. Fears and scruples shake me.

Train. Shew boldness and aspiring competence:
Go, meet *Conviction* further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come too nigh
The city's walls.

Reg. How like an ended pageant
Shews my abrupt precipitate estate,
By how much more my vain joy was increas'd
By these false hours of dalliance!

Train. O, my lord!

Reg. The man that brought these tidings where is he?

Mess. I stay your will.

Reg. Go, run to meet *Conviction*;
And bid him say, on what fair terms he means
To have us yield to him; and they shall be
Accomplished without delay, and he
Right welcome to return to us again. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Train. You do debase yourself to look so poorly,
And speak so fair. What, shall that tongue that laid
The sentence of dread banishment on him,
Disgrace itself to take it off again
With words of sooth? Rather outface the brow
Of bragging horror, 'tho envenom'd vengeance
Ride on his sword.

Reg. If we should fail—

Train You shall

Have armour to keep off that word.

Reg. Where is it?

Let me directly see it then.

Train. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail; therefore be chear'd, my lord.

We will call back this messenger, and send
Defiance to the traitor; it shall make

Glory for you.

[*Exit Train.*]

Reg. So I lose none in seeking to augment it,
But might possess a bosom franchised,
And clear allegiance; all would then be well.
How stand I then, that have against my Sov'reign's
Dread Person, sacred as it is, done sin?

Yea, without stop have let my heart consent
To deal ev'n with the very hand of falsehood
And dire revolt? How then? what shall I do?
Where's satisfaction?—If there be remedy,

'Twere good 'twere quickly used; lest delay
Make my offence of such a mortal kind

That neither present sorrow, no, nor merit
Purposed in futurity avail

To ransom me into His love again.

Try what repentance can; what can it not?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

Yield up, O Sin, thy crown and hearted throne!

Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;

All may be well.

Re-enter TRAIN.

Train.

Come on, my noble lord,

And

And put on your defence ; this helmet will
 Infuse sweet hope of doing well at last ;
 And here's a shield 'gainst which the mightiest works
 Cannot prevail. Whoever wears these arms
 Shall bear a charmed life ; therefore be bold
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Reg. We will proceed no further in this bus'ness ;
 There is a thing within my bosom tells me
 That our defences will be fatal to us.

Train. This is that superstitious fear that loves
 To keep itself in clouds and feed on wonders.

Reg. But if we now make our atonement well,
 Our peace might stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Train. Ay, but our valuation shall be such
 That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
 And good from bad find no partition.
 Besides all which, you never can make peace
 Upon such large terms and so absolute,
 As our conditions should insist upon.
 No, good my lord, think not of compromise,
 But go with us, and arm yourself with speed.

-Reg. Leave me awhile a little to myself.

Train. We go : be ever what your fancies teach.

[*Exit Train.*]

Reg. These strong enchanting fetters I must break,
 Or lose myself. Suppose this wretched heart
 Were thicker than itself with crimson guilt ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ? whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 Then I'll repair unto my Sovereign.
 But how if He to judgment should refer ?
 Ah, there's a fearful point ! I cannot go,
 Tho' inclination be as sharp as will ;

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And like a man to double bus'ness bent,
 I stand or pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect ; so strong's the pow'r of sin. [Exit.



ACT IV.

Scene before the City Walls.

Enter CHIEFS, CONVICTION, and HERALD:

Boan. **A** Goodly city is this *Manfoul*.—City,
 'Tis thou alone wilt make thy desolation :
 And many a soul, from thy fair edifice,
 Will groan and drop and perish constant fools.
 But go, beloved *Herald*, go thou up
 To the rude ribs of that revolted town ;
 Thro' brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
 Into its ruin'd ears ; while here we march
 Upon the grassie carpet of this plain ;
 That from this city's lofty battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

[Trumpet sounds.

Enter CARNAL-MIND upon the Walls.

Her. The noble *Boanerges*, *Manfoul*, calls,
 Servant in arms to this town's sovereign :
 And thus he would,—Open your city-gates ;
 Be humbled to us, call our sov'reign yours,
 And do Him homage as obedient subjects,
 And we'll withdraw our formidable pow'rs.
 But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of our three attendants,
 Lean famine, quart'ring steel, and climbing fire.

Car.

Car. Mind. A greater pow'r than ye denies all this;
And till it be undoubted whence ye come,
We lock our scruples in our strong-bar'd gates,
Kings of ourselves; until confusion
Shall on your part confirm our stable peace.

Boan. This is the latest parley we'll admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'erblows the fi'ry deluge of hot wrath,
Which threatens to pour down upon this yet
Resisting unaffailed city's walls,
Till in her ashes she lie buried. Where's
The governor, that we may know his answer?

Car. Mind. I stand for him; and thus I answer thee.
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death itself
In mortal fury half so peremptory;
As we to keep this city 'gainst your force.

Enter REGENT armed, and his TRAIN.

But see the *Regent* doth himself appear,
And bears possession in his person here.

Regent to those on the walls. Approved warriors, and most
[hearty friends,
By your assistance I am cloth'd in steel.
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
I and my sword will earn my chronicle.

Car. Mind. Prove this a prosp'rous day! *Manfoul* shall bear
The olive freely.

Boan. We are amazed, and thus long have stood
Hearing the vain boast of thy ri'tous tongue,
Each word being treason 'gainst thy sov'reign.
But e're we use the vantage of our pow'r,

We

We once more summon thee to yield to us;
 That, if requiring fail, we may compel.
 Now therefore, *Manfoul*, ope thy city gates;
 Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee
 Before thy King; and at His hands beg mercy,
 If haply He may pardon thee this outrage.

Reg. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence?
 And have recourse unto our clemency?

Conv. Disloyal *Manfoul*! Is it thus thou fill'st
 The mouth of deep defiance up? Turning
 Our words to swords, and life to instant death?

Reg. Thou banish'd traitor, art thou come to take
 Advantage of th'unquiet time, to fright
 Our native peace with self-borne arms away?
 But I will turn thy treason to thy heart,
 Where it was forg'd; and it upon thee prove
 To the extreamest point of mortal breathing.
 Meet me, if thou dost dare.

Judg. O hard of heart!
 As opposite to good, as is the south
 To the septentrion; I *Judgment*, here proclaim
 Myself thy mortal foe; with resolution
 That I will meet thee fell as death itself.

Car. Mind. The *Regent* must not yield to names usurp'd;
 He is too high-born to be propertied;
 Or bow to any sov'reign in the world.

Execut. What's he that speaks for him that's Governor
 Of *Manfoul*?

Reg. 'Tis himself; what say'st thou to him?

Execut. Behold this sword: it is the privilege
 And badge of my profession. I protest,
 Maugre thy valour, strength and eminence,
 Thou art disloyal and a recreant,
 A most toad-spotted traitor.—say'st thou, no?

This

This sword, this arm, and my best sp'rits are bent
To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak ;
Thou art in nothing less than I proclaim thee.

Car. Mind. Let fall thy sword on vulnerable crests ;
Manfoul is arm'd in panoply of proof.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make him bleed.

Boan. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose bosom with injustice is corrupted.

Car. Mind. Why stand these noble fronts amazed thus ?
Down to the field ; descend, cry havoc there ;
The mind we sway by, and the heart we bear,
Shall never flagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.
Now let my deeds be witness of my worth.

Judg. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth ;
For ere the glass that hath begun to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
Thou shalt be found exhausted, sp'ritless, fall'n.
In our behalf armies of pestilence
Shall muster in the clouds and strike the hands
That lift themselves against us.

Boan. *Manfoul*, hear.
The axe is set to thy usurping root ;
And know thou, if we once begin to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down.

Reg. I am on fire to hear these menaces,
And will into the field to bid thee battle.

[*Regent and Train go from the wall.*]

Conv. Yet, e're the closing of this very day,
If *Manfoul's* *Regent* and myself do meet,
I will redeem all this upon his head ;

For

For I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render ev'ry treason up,
Yea, ev'n the slightest misuse of his time;
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.

Boan. A noble temper dost thou shew in this :
Manfoul doth put us to a heavy task——
But see, at yonder gate he issues forth
With the huge army of the world's desires,
To hazard all his welfare in the field.
Go forth, *Conviction*, and begin the fight;
No blown ambition doth our arms excite,
But love, dear love, and our great Sov'reign's right. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to a field of battle. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter REGENT.

Reg. My mind presageth happy gain and conquest;
And spite of all the rupture of the foe,
This shield hath held his building on my arm.

Enter EXECUTION.

Execut. Of one or both of us the time is come.

Reg. I dare all imminence in which thou canst
Address his danger.

Execut. Were 't my fitness now
To let these hands obey my boiling blood,
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones; but my condition is
Govern'd to offer grace, if thou relent.

Reg. When thou hast conquer'd, talk of mercy then,
Proud limitary chief; I do disdain
Thy proffer'd courtesie and threats alike.
Back do I toss thy treasons to thy head;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where thou shalt rest for ever unreveng'd.

Execut.

Execut. Let this my arm report what speech forbears.

Enter JUDGMENT.

Judg. Hold, *Execution*, stay thy mighty arm,
And seek thee out some other chase; for I
Myself must hunt this deer into the toils.

Execut. Then nobly, *Judgment*; for the King thou fight'st.
Regent, as I intend to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*

Judg. Now, *Regent*, I have singled thee alone;
Suppose this arm is for thy sovereign,
And this for justice, to revenge both bound,
Wer't thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Reg. Now, *Judgment*, I am with thee here alone;
This is the hand that drove thy forces back;
And this the hand that *Manfoul* shall preserve;
And here's the heart that triumphs in these deeds,
And cheers those hands to execute the like
Even upon thyself, and so have at thee. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Alarums continued.

Enter BOANERGES.

Boan. Forespent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For blows receiv'd and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spight of spight I needs must rest awhile.

Enter HERALD.

Her. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd watching of his flocks
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

H

Enter

Enter EXECUTION.

Execut. The *Regent* hath escap'd from *Judgment's* hands,
And our oppression expectation passes.
Oh! let the wide world end, and promis'd flames
Of the last day knit heav'n and earth together,
Ere under foul rebellion's arm we faulter.

Her. Ah, froward *Manfoul*! ill it thee becomes
To be so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war,
Against thy King; to shut thy gates 'gainst Him
Who opes His arms to embrace thee, as thy friend;
Who has preserv'd thy welfare in His blood,
And from thy bosom took the hostile point
To sheathe it in His own! Oh, if such love,
If such inducements, countless, infinite,
Excite not love; then like a castaway,
Desp'rate, forlorn, be bane unto thyself.

Boan. Come on, my lord, let us this moment haste
Together to our troops; and once again
Cry vehemently, Charge upon our foes.

[*Exeunt Boanerges and Execution.*]

Her. He that is truly dedicate to serve
Our Sov'reign's will, hath no self-love; for he
That loves himself, hath not essentially
But by mere circumstance the name of faithful.

Enter a wounded Centinel of Manfoul.

Who'rt thou?

Cent. One, *Herald*, that doth wish to see
The savage spirit of wild war made tame;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace.

Her. 'Tis now the time to ask of whence thou art.

Cent. In adverse *Manfoul* was I born and bred;

But

But have disrob'd me of my native weeds
 To fight against the part I liv'd with, and
 For whom my life was ev'ry breath a death.
 These present wars shall find I *Manfoul* love ;
 For I will fall in them, ere see her lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action.

Her. The fingers of the pow'rs above did tune
 The harmony of this. This thing alone
 I do entreat, and thou canst well report,
 As seemeth by thy plight, how it did fare
 With *Manfoul's Regent*, when he risk'd himself
 In single fight with our high-battled *Judgment*.

Cent. Those who survey'd the wars that *Judgment* made
 To-day, and knew the royal occupation,
 Might have beheld a skilful workman in't.
 I watch'd him how he singled forth the *Regent*,
 Who all as hot turn'd deadly point to point,
 And confident in furbisht armour, 'gan
 A dismal conflict of unequal strength.
 With one hand in a martial scorn he beat
 Cold death aside, and with the other sent
 It back to his great enemy ; but all
 Too weak, for justice arm'd with valour is
 Of mortal injury incapable :
 Nor shield, nor spear, nor motion of quick thought,
 Could intercept his ruin ; but that long
 Ere this, his soul had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd the frail sepulchre of his flesh,
 Had not some hidden interpos'd defence
 Borne him in safety from the files of war.

Her. Great happiness !

Cent. In brief I saw him humbled
 With sharp rebuke, and with pale fear surpriz'd,

That if _____

But I am faint, my gasps cry for help.

Her. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
I will conduct thee to a gentle bath,
Where balms shall be applied to them; and then
Thy deeds I will report, where auditors
Shall mingle tears with smiles. Your hand, most welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHIEFS, SOLDIERS, &c.

Boan. War wearied hath perform'd what war can do.
Here stand awhile and from the battle rest.
Faithful hath been your warfare, and no doubt
Accepted of our Sov'reign. But of this
Rebellious town the victory alone
Doth to His hand belong. Meanwhile let us
Shew on our part the utmost vigilance.

Enter HERALD.

Her. Turn, turn your faces from this rebel town,
And go to meet your King who onward comes,
Before Him pow'r Divine prepares His way,
And with fresh flow'rets hills and valleys smile.

Boan. Thou dost revive our almost drooping courage
With this glad news. Now march we fearless on
To meet the medicine of this sickly weal.
The King's name is our rock and tower of strength.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, cheerfully;
Our Sov'reign comes for us and victory.

Scene changes to another part of the field near the city.

Enter REGENT and TRAIN as in triumph.

Train. The foe doth measure backward their own ground.
In faint retire, whilst we, last in the field,
Are lords of it.

Reg.

Reg. You've shewn yourselves all heroes.
 Could they e're think that this town's president
 Might look with grateful eyes on wars that fronted
 Ev'n his own peace? Rather than so, tho' they
 Should fight in fire or air, we'd fight them there.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Where is my lord, the *Regent* of this city?

Reg. Here: what's thy news? The bus'ness of this man
 Looks out of him.

Mess. The foe whom fled you thought
 Will save you long pursuit; this day hope not
 Their flight, for with another army join'd
 They take the field again in dread array.
 But hark! their trumpet's warlike note cuts off

[Trumpet sounds at a distance.]

More circumstance; to parley or to fight
 Therefore prepare thyself without delay.

Reg. O where hath our intelligence been drunk?
 Where hath it slept, that such an army should
 Be drawing near, and we not hear of it?
 Go, get thee gone; say to our *Carnal-mind*,
 I'd speak with him.

Mess. His ear is stop'd with dust.
 Ev'n now we've found him from the gates cast down,
 An empty-casket, where the jewel-life
 By some dread hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

Reg. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
 A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
 My heart suspects worse than my ears have heard.
 Oh hardness to dissemble!—Set our troops
 In order: give them battle strait—away:
 Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
 Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exit Messenger.]

My

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am; nor what I do.
 Withhold thy speech, dreadful occasion!
 Oh, make a league with me, whilst I appease
 My inward griefs!

Enter a SOLDIER of Mansoul.

Reg. How does the fight appear?

Sold. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
 Where death is sure. Heav'n's! how they wound some slain
 Before, and dying some! Your messenger did grace
 The shame of those that fled, and in his flight,
 Stumbling for fear was took.

Reg. Who're those that fled?

Sold. Your foll'wers, who, ere they had giv'n a stroke?
 Turn'd on themselves like dull and heavy lead;
 Ev'n arrows fled not swifter tow'ras their aim,
 Than they, aiming at safety from the field.

Reg. O vipers! murd'ers! snakes, in my heart's blood
 Warmed, that sting my heart!

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. Renew, my lord, renew;
 There are a thousand *Judgments* in the field;
 Here, there, and ev'ry where: haste we to send
 Some reinforcements, or we perish all.

Reg. How should I war without these walls, that find
 Such cruel battle here within? No, no;
 Let them to action that have hope to win:
 Doubts, fears, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Att. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail;
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,

And

And so your weakness fights against yourself.
Then chearly seek how to redress these harms ;
Your absence takes both heat and fire away
From the best temper'd courage of the town.

Sold. I you beseech by the best trust of man
And very heart of hope, that you directly
Send to make humble suit unto the King ;
And that you not delay the present hour ;
But own His greatness and submit you to
His might.

Reg. Such thanks I give thee for thy counsel,
As one near death to those who wish him live.
More would I question thee, and more I must ;
But first ascend that hill with me, that we
May know whether yon troops be friend or enemy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HERALD.

Her. *Manfoul* is ripe for shaking, and the pow'r
Above puts on his instruments of wrath.
Now work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Manfoul* ;
That in a moment even with the earth
Will lay her stately and air-braving tow'rs,
If quickly in defence they will not yield.
Then each strong hold shall fall, and each high thought
Shall to the King of kings be captive brought. [*Exit.*

Re-enter REGENT.

Reg. All's lost ! Incurable discomfit reigns
In *Manfoul's* feeble heart. O *Conscience, Conscience,*
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction !
For I did wish to fall by the false faith
Of those whom thou didst warn me from, if so

I might

I might be freed from thy soliciting.
 That high All Seer, whom I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned wish upon my head,
 And giv'n in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their master's bosoms;
 And thus the words of *Conscience* at this hour
 Fall heavy on my head; when they (said she)
 Shall split thy heart with sorrow, then remember,
 Remember *Conscience* was a prophets!

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah! hark the fatal foll'wers do pursue;
 And I am faint, and cannot shun their fury.

Enter First SOLDIER.

Sold. The army of the King hath turn'd the mouth
 Of their artillery against the town.

Reg. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
 To make me sue for peace!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
 Then expectation would not now have fainted,
 Longing for what it had not. But we stand
 Like men upon a rock begirt with ocean,
 That mark the waxing tide grow wave on wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow them.

Re-enter ATTENDANT.

Att. Bear free thoughts, *Regent*; we will yet do well.
 What tho' our outworks of defence be all
 O'erwhelm'd and buried in huge piles of ruin;
 Our force upon the walls hath nobly held.
 Come further on, my lord, where we may look
 On their endeavour: there's hope in it yet. [*Exit Att.*]

Sold.

Sold. I'll here abide the wounded chance of *Manfoul*.

Reg. Where yon pine stands I shall discover all ;

I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Sold. Who is't can say, I'm at the worst? the worst

Is not so long as we can say, this is

The worst. Oh, wretchedness that glory brings us !

As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that

The fear's as bad as falling : life's a toil.

We only seem to seek out danger in

The name of happiness, and die in th' search.

Enter another SOLDIER.

But who comes here ? so faint so spiritless ?

His death-like visage says, that *Manfoul's* lost !

But I have found the woe, ere thou the tongue.

2 Sold. Thou'lt read in me the truth. The victor hosts

Have entered the city's mortal gate,

Where they have painted shunless destiny ;

And there our strawy guards, ripe for their edge,

Fall down before them like the mower's swath.

Great the resistance ; great the answer must

In *Manfoul* be. Our ransom's death.

1 Sold.

Lost then ?

2 Sold. Lost !

Re-enter REGENT.

Reg. Unarm me, for the long day's task is done,

And we are for the dark. That this is so,

Doth pay my labour justly.—Off, pluck off.—

A sev'n-fold shield of iron cannot keep

The batt'ry from my heart. Now *Manfoul* melts,

And the wide arch of this rais'd empire falls.

I

Here

Here is my space; kingdoms are clay : pomp, rule,
But earth and dust.

1 *Sold.* Woe, that too late repents !

Enter TWO CENTINELS of Mansoul.

1 *C.* We're all undone, unless the King have mercy.

2 *C.* But who shall ask it ? Not being naked, sick,
Nor pray'rs nor sanctuary can lift up
Their wonted privilege in our behalf.

1 *C.* Ah, *Regent, Regent*, think now with thyself,
Now more unhappy than all living things
We are become ; since His approach, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comfort,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow.

2 *C.* To us thine enmity's most capital.
For thou hast barred us from the great comfort
Of praying to our Sovereign : for how,
Alas ! how could we for our welfare pray
Together with thy hardness ? On each side
We'd met an eminent calamity.
Alack ! or we must lose the noblest grace
Of our dread Lord, or else thy person : either
Thou must be led along our streets, bound with
The manacles of the all-holding law ;
Or hadst thou kept the town, we had remain'd
To all ensuing ages quite undone.

Reg. Oh, cleave my sides. Heart, once be stronger than
Thy continent ; crack thy frail case asunder !

2 *Sold.* Friends, if we stay, we perish ; let us go
And render up ourselves ; others have shewn us
The way of yielding : pray along with me !

[Exeunt Soldiers and Centinels.]

Reg. I'm left to sinking, and my dearest quit me.
Let them all fly ; for when I am reveng'd

Upon

Upon my guilty self, I have done all.
 Let them all fly, be gone ; we have no friend
 But resolution and the briefest end.

Enter CONVICTION.

Conv. So bad a one as this was ne'er for peace.

Reg. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
 But get thee back ; my soul is too much charg'd
 With wrongs of thine already.

Conv. Then let me teach you, how you shall arraign
 Yourself and try your penitence, if it
 Be found, or in hypocrisy put on.

Reg. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?
 Pry'thee, go hence ; I have already thought
 Upon a course that hath no need of thee.

Conv. Fond madman, hear me speak.

Reg. Lack ! 'to what end !

Unless it would restore a town, reverse
 A prince's doom, or call back yesterday.
 This mortal house is ruin'd, say *Conviction*
 Whate'er he can. Then is it sin to rush
 Into the secret house of death, ere death
 Be brought to us by *Judgment's* ireful hand,
 Or wrathful *Execution's* vengeful steel ?

Conv. Oh hateful error ! offspring of despair ;
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not ? Hear me yet a word—
 For *Judgment* and the rest thou need'st not fear ;
 From them no danger ever can befall thee,
 Unless it so should please thy Sov'reign's will ;
 And if He but remain thy constant friend,
 Thou can'st not feel the vengeance of their wrath.
 Abuse not then His bounty by undoing

Thyself; but rather grieve with groans and tears,
For having cross'd His will that travels in
Thy good continually.

Reg. Most kind *Conviction*,
Go and say to Him this, " In deputation
" I kiss His conqu'ring hand : " tell Him, I'm prompt
To kneel down at His feet and hear the doom
Of *Manfoul* from His all-commanding breath.

Conv. Not so. You must with me unto the King,
And there in presence of the hosts fall down,
And make a blushing cital of yourself;
Of your offences, and the grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your foll'wers
Against the state and profit of this town;
That by confessing them it may be seen
You judge yourself most worthily depos'd.
Make no replies of lothness; look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to th' other; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Say that this
Is false, and spurn me back; but if 'tis true,
Thou art not honest and thy guilt wilt plague thee.

Reg. I don't deny it; but 'tis needful first
To perfect such intents; which shall appear,
Heav'n aiding, with a less presumptuous suit
Before His throne.

Conv. Be quick; the King who sees
The close intents and secrets of the heart,
Requires this only mark of thy obedience.

Reg. O bid me leap from off some mountain-top,
Where the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, rather than go
Before the King mark'd with these deadly blots;
Or ere repentance wash away these stains,

To

To make beginning of a better life.
 Bend not upon me such a solemn brow ;
 In all things else I'll humble mine intents
 To your well-practis'd wife direction.

Conv. I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
 Till thou obey and go along with me,
 Till in thy fall these tough commixtures melt.

Reg. Must I do so ? And must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies ? How hast thou the heart,
 Being my friend profess'd, to mangle me
 With this so sore injunction ? I can't do it.
 But if most hearty and unfeigned sorrow
 Be a sufficient ransom for offence
 I tender't here ; I do as truly suffer,
 As ere I did commit one foul offence.

Conv. Ha ! little truth to be too soon believ'd.
 And most unsound repentance ! seeming, seeming !
 Thy sorrow hath a med'cine in itself,
 That skins the vice o'th'top ; and seeks not Heav'n
 As loving grace, but as it stands in fear.

Reg. O let me hear no more !

Conv. Oh, guiltier thou
 Than terms can represent thee ! Thou wilt stone
 My heart, and make me call what I intend
 To do, revenge, and not a sacrifice.
 Take my advice. Come to the King, or perish.

Reg. *Conviction*, thou dost overween in this ;
 And, in the 'vantage of strong armour, seek'st
 To arbitrate 'twixt my extremes and me
 That which thy art's commission and experience
 Could to no issue of true comfort bring.

Conv. Here I unlock the rivets all ; and what
 My tongue hath spoke, my right drawn sword shall prove
 That thou shalt come by force, if not by love. [*The Regent flies.*

Enter

Enter BOANERGES and JUDGMENT

Judg. Lo, now you see the issue of your wars.

Boan. Go after him, *Conviction* ; make him yield :
Being so frustrate, tell him that he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Judg. Thus ever should
Rebellion meet rebuke. Now does he feel
His secret treasons sticking on his hands ;
Now does he feel his title hanging loose
About him, like a giant's cumb'rous robe
Upon a dwarfish thief. Who then can blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him doth condemn
Itself for being there ?

Boan. Content thee, *Judgment* ;
The King, 'tis said, will hang resolv'd destruction
In th' arm upreard for chastisement, and wipe
His tables clean of what is past, and keep
No register to history this breach
In His remembrance.

Judg. How ! no punishment !

Boan. O He is clement past man's highest thought.

Judg. What wouldst thou say, renowned *Boanerges* ?
Canst thou infer a hope for one who is
A forfeit of the law ?

Boan. Alas ! Alas !
Why all the souls that are, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. O think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Pouring the balm of Heav'n in ev'ry wound. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter CONVICTION, bringing forth the REGENT wounded.

Conv. So, lie thou there, until our Sovereign
Pass by; that if thy speech doth fail, thou mayst
Look up to Him for grace. How hardly I
Was drawn to these extremes, how calm and gentle
I did proceed, I shall inform the *Chiefs*;
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report. [*Exit.*

Reg. Ah! who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me whether *Mansoul's* doom'd to death.
Why ask I that? My mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must meet mortality my sentence;
Nor am I in the list of them that hope.
Yet well, if here would end the misery.
That death I feel within, is not one stroke
Bereaving sense; but lengthen'd out to woes
Which beyond dust and nature's law extend,
O sun, thy uprise I shall see no more!
Here is my journey's end, the ultimate
Determin'd respite of my num'rous wrongs.
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackle reft,
Must rush to pieces on the rocky shore.
O wretched state! a bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engag'd! from deep to deeper plung'd!

Re-enter CONVICTION.

Conv. His head's declin'd, and death will seize him, if
Some comfort rescue not. O *Regent*, hear,
If thou hast life, look up and speak to me.

Reg. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *Mansoul's* treasure,
Enough

Enough to purchase such another kingdom,
If thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

Conv. Regent, it is *Conviction* speaks to thee.

Reg. Thou art a soul in blifs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Conv. Still, still, far wide——

Reg. You do me wrong to take me from the grave.
What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
And more, much more: The time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I.

Conv. If thou didst know me,
Thou'dst talk with me.

Reg. I know thee well enough;
Witness these trenches made by thy steel's point,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.
Is not thy coming to distress me more?
Wouldst have me grieve? why now thou hast thy will.
Bidst thou me weep? why now thou hast thy wish.
Thy sad decrees, set down in blood, shew that
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.
Why should calamity be full of words?

Conv. Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope; and rest thou thy unrest
Within my arms awhile.

Reg. O that thou couldst
As soon afford a grave, where I might rest
Obscure, and free from fear of worse estate
In cruel expectation to torment me!

Conv. So much of int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
That I do feel by the rebound of thine
A grief that shoots my very heart at root.

Reg. How have I then repuls'd my friend!—*Conviction*,
Thou hast a stern look, but a gentle heart;

Forgive

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
 Yet to behold thy penetrating eye
 Doth almost turn my dang'rous nature wild,
 Would that I were assur'd of my condition !

Conv. Who knows but that our King may quit thee all
 His debt, and turn thy state calamitous
 To peaceful end ? Despair not of His pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and His eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant.

Reg. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 This foul that now in th' body's darkness dwells,
 Shall soon incorporate with gloomy night ;
 And yield to double darkness nigh at hand.
 Hopeless are all my ills, remediless.

Conv. How vain are words to swage the tumours of
 A troubled mind, unless it feel within
 Some source of consolation from above !

Reg. Yet none of all these evils hath befall'n me
 Unjustly : I myself have brought them on ;
 Sole author I, sole cause : if ought seem vile,
 Viler hath been my folly, who've refus'd
 All counsel, love, and offer'd grace ! My King,
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou didst so crown with love !—Oh hadst thou ta'en
 Due vengeance of my faults, I never should
 Have liv'd to make this sorrowful confession.

Conviction, put an end to what thou hast
 Begun ; draw that thy honest sword, which thou
 Hast worn most usefully for *Manfoul's* weal,
 And give me here sufficient strokes for death.
 Come quickly, for with wounds I must be cur'd :
 Would that with reverence I had receiv'd
 Thy counsels then, when me thou wouldst have tutor'd

To true submission ! But, fond wish, too late
Have I thy hand ?

Conv. Sad-hearted man, thou hast.

Enter HERALD.

Her. Ah, *Manfoul*, dost thou lye so low ? are all
Thy boastings shrunk into so little measure ?
My bus'ness here was to proclaim—But I
Am come, I dread, too late.

Reg. Too late, good *Herald*.

Her. This very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
The King——

Reg. Ah me ! how many inward griefs
With mention of that name renew th' assault !

Her. Have comfort. For the King hath, in His love
And wisdom, which by far outstretch the bourne
Of speech and all-created intellect,
So rich provision made for reconciliation,
That if He but step forth thy advocate,
His Father then will grant thee precious things.
But hark ! these sounds proclaim His near approach.

Reg. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man !

Her. The hosts with jubilee sing triumph, and
Him sing victorious King, Son, Heir and Lord ;
To Him dominion giv'n, worthiest to reign.
O *Manfoul*, cheer thy spirit with this hope :
To those who freely make their reference full
To Him, thus wide He'll ope His arms ; and, like
The kind life-rend'ring pelican, repast
Them with his blood.

[*Scene closes.*]

ACT V.

Scene the Palace in MANSOUL.

Enter EXECUTION with CONSCIENCE.

CHORUS, *as PRISONERS, SOLDIERS, &c.*

Execut. SOLDIERS, look to those prisoners, and keep
 Them safely; till His greater pleasure first
 Be known, that is to pass His sentence on them. [*Exit.*

Chorus of Soldiers. The gates of Mansoul sink into the ground:
 Her people sigh, and she's in bitterness.

Semi-Chor. O mighty King, what thought can measure Thee,
 Or tongue relate Thy acts of glorious pow'r?
 Who seeks to lessen Thee, against His purpose
 Serves but to manifest the more Thy might.

Conf. Discomfort guides my tongue, and bids me speak
 Of nothing but remediless despair,
 Of woe, destruction, ruin and decay.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Chor. Here come some tidings of important matters.

Conf. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
 So looks the strand, whereon th'imperious flood
 Hath left behind a witness'd usurpation.
 Inform us, com'st thou from the field of battle?

Mess. I ran from thence, where hateful death put on
 His ugliest mask to fright our party with.

Conf. How doth the *Regent* of this ruin'd town?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Yet for all this say not the *Regent's* slain.

Mess. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
 That which I would to Heav'n I had not seen.
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rend'ring

Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
 To stern *Conviction* ; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Regent* to the earth,
 From whence with life no earthly skill whatever
 Can raise him up again. So, there he lies,
 With all his crimes broad-blown as flush as May ;
 And nothing left him but his body's length,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Conf. For this we shall have time enough to mourn.

[*Cock crows.*

Chorus of Soldiers. When the cock crew, he wept ;

[struck by a look !

Struck by the heav'nly rhet'rick of that eye,
 'Gainst which the world cannot hold argument.

Conf. Would it might please Him so to look on us,
 That we might live, looking on Him our life.

Chor. of Sold. All that offence which is in you of sin,
 Corruption, passion, hell itself, His look
 Would turn to virtue and to worthiness.

Conf. Him and His wrath, and our great need of Him,
 You have right well conceited and set forth.
 How should we love, if His rich golden shafts
 Would kill the stock of all affections else
 That live in us ; if liver, brain and heart,
 Those sov'reign thrones, were all supplied and fill'd
 With sweet perfection, with one self-same King.

Chor. O richer far in having such a pearl
 Than twenty seas, though all their sands were pearls,
 Their waters em'rald, and their rocks pure gold.

Conf. Ah, what a life were that ; how sweet ! how lovely !
 Then our captivity would change into
 A golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement.

Chor. But we are far, far off from that sweet hope ;
 And no way can we turn us for redress,

But

But death doth front us with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets us in the face.
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
 And turn our fight undaunted on the tomb?

Conf. With joy, with grief that healing hand I see!
 Ah! too conspicuous it is plac'd on high.
 On high! what means my frenzy? I blaspheme:
 Alas, how low! how far beneath the skies!
 The skies it form'd! and now it bleeds for me;
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds!
 Draw the dire steel—Ah! no, the dreadful blessing
 What heart or can sustain or dare forego?
 There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
 The falling universe.

Chor. But we who at
 His hands received life, by our own hands
 Of life bereaved Him.

Conf. Sin, death and hell
 Did to His body what extreams they could.
 But the strong base and building of his love
 Was as the inmost centre of the earth,
 Drawing all to it, as he would catch millions
 Of souls in His strong toil of saving grace.
 O world, be thou astonish'd, and take note,
 O world, that for this *Manfoul*, false to Him,
 Our Sov'reign stooped His anointed head,
 As low as death, quenching the flame of bold
 Rebellion ev'n in His most precious blood.

Chor. Had we as many eyes, as He had wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream'd forth His blood;
 Nought could become us better;

For miserable and wretched we
 Have caus'd Him that dire agony.

,
 , , ,
 , , ,
 , , ,

Conf.

Conf. Didst Thou die so? Live! Lord! Ah, Sov'reign!
[Friend!

These arms of mine shall be Thy winding sheet!
My heart, sweet Lord, shall be Thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
Here will I stay and never from His feet
Depart again : here, here will I remain,
Here will I set up my eternal rest.
My heart hath now of His redeeming love
Such sweet experience, that His checks and frowns
To me have sweetest grace and favour in them.

Chor. That chastisement is heavenly, that strikes
Where it doth love.

SONG *within.*

My soul, with all lost Adam's race,
Lay weltring in its blood;
Cover'd with shame and deep disgrace,
And banish'd far from God.

Conf. Hark!

Chor. O this is *Mansoul's* voice; 'Tis wonderful!

SONG *within.*

Our gracious Sov'reign passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see
Me, outcast wretch, so helpless lye
In deepest misery.

Conf. O goodness infinite! goodness immense!

SONG *within.*

To me inclin'd in tenderness
My soul he would relieve,
My heart by any means possess,
And said, " Arise and live."

Conf.

Conf. O unexampled love ! unfathom'd love !
Love no where to be found less than Divine !

SONG *within.*

He wash'd away my ev'ry stain,
And cleans'd me in His blood ;
Deck'd me with righteousness Divine,
And reconcil'd to God.

Chor. Beatitude past utterance !

Enter REGENT.

Conf. Ah *Regent*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it ; then let thy tongue unfold
That unconceived happiness, which both
Have just receiv'd before this dear encounter.

Reg. Oh ! I have seen the King, whose beauty doth
The ken of all created eyes astonish ;
Whose words all ears take captive ; and whose dear
Perfections ev'n those hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call master. O He hath forgiven
And all forgott'n, as if the very nature
Of our offence were dead ; and, deeper than
Oblivion, in His own atoning wounds
He buries all th' incensing reliques of it !
My soul hath her content so absolute,
I cannot speak enough of it ; it hath
So much of joy, it stops me here, and seeks
To hide itself in drops of sacred sorrow.

Chor. The theme, the joy, then, how shall we sustain !
O the burst gates ! crush'd sting ! demolish'd thrones
Last gasp of vanquish'd death ! shout earth and heav'n
This sum of good to man.

Reg.

Reg. Survey the wondrous cure,
 And at each step let higher wonder rise;
 Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
 Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
 A pardon bought with blood! with blood Divine!
 With blood Divine of Him I made my foe,
 Persisted to provoke; tho' woo'd and aw'd,
 Blest and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still:
 A rebel midst the thunders of His throne!
 Nor I alone; a rebel universe:
 My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies:
 Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt,
 As if our race was held of highest rank,
 And Godhead dearer as more kind to man.

Conf. Talk they of morals? O Thou bleeding Love!
 The grand morality is love of Thee.

Chor. O Thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Do Thou but keep us near Thy gracious self;
 Then all devouring death do what he dares;
 It is enough, we may but call Thee ours.

Reg. My theme, my inspiration, and my crown!
 My strength in age, my rise in low estate!
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth, my world!
 My boast thro' time, bliss thro' eternity!
 Eternity's too short to speak Thy praise,
 Or fathom Thy profound of love to man!
 To man, of men the meanest, ev'n to me!
 My Sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!

Enter HERALD, CHIEFS, and CONVICTION.

Her. Hail Regent and our friends, hail most dear *Manfoul*.

Reg. O noble *Chiefs*, since last we met, is weeded

Out

Out of my heart each root of antient malice.
 I was that guilty man, who did rebel
 Against His King : I tell you what I was ;
 Since my conversion does so sweetly taste,
 Being the thing I am, that in a soul
 Regenerate there is a mystery,
 With which relation meddles but in vain ;
 It hath an operation more Divine,
 Than breath or tongue can give expression to.

Her. So smile our Sov'reign on this holy hour,
 That after-ones with sorrow chide us not.

Reg. Of *Heralds* worthiest, whose offices
 Have been so rarely kind, thou hast us brought
 Precepts from our blest Sov'reign, that will make
 Invincible the heart that does them con.

Boan. Be strong and prosperous in this resolve.
 For us, henceforward we will wrestle with you
 In all our strength of love and supplication.

Reg. O may I never to this purpose, which
 So fairly shews, dream of impediment.
 Let each man render me his friendly hand ;
 First, *Boanerges*, will I shake with you ;
 Next, noble *Judgment*, do I take your hand ;
 Now, *Execution*, your's ; now your's, kind *Herald* ;
 Tho' last, not least in love, *Conviction*, your's.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all.
 Farther this act of grace, and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our best designs.

Her. Amen. Amen.

Reg. And now, O death, we have what shall abate
 Thy scythe's keen edge, or more than Gilead's balm
 To heal thy stroke.

L

O Love,

O Love, thou bottomless abyſs,
 My ſins are ſwallow'd up in Thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
 From condemnation now I'm free ;
 Whiſt blood Divine, thro' earth and ſkies,
 Mercy, free boundleſs mercy cries.

Chor. Mercy, free boundleſs mercy, cries.



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Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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